

MINUTE FANCIES THINGS OF INTEREST to WOMEN

Mrs. Justwed makes a few Christmas suggestions

WHETHER it was ordained by Fate or brought about by the contrariety of things in general, Mrs. Justwed does not know. To explain why Mr. J. should suddenly have found what was doing more interesting than his evening paper was and always will be a perfect enigma to her. Ordinarily, after dinner, Homer-dear sank into his easy chair by the living-room table, opened his paper and was dead and buried, to all outward appearances, for at least an hour. Verily, the entire household might have tumbled down about his ears and not have disturbed him—so long as the lamp was not jostled and the plaster fell only around him.

But on this particular evening, my sisters, Mr. J. just suddenly looked up, and across at Mr. J., who was busy with pencil and paper on the opposite side of the table.

"What in the world are you doing, Blossom?" he asked curiously.

"Figuring—just figuring," replied Mrs. J. nonchalantly. "Just adding up a list."

"Well I should say so—some list, eh?" returned Homer-dear, for the paper on which Mrs. J. was "figuring" was nearly as long as this page. "What is it? Not the grocery?"

"Christmas presents," vouchsafed Mrs. J., laconically.

Mrs. Justwed not only laid aside his paper but also got up and walked around to the other side of the table. "Christmas presents!" he exclaimed. "For goodness sake, Blossom, who are they for?"

Mrs. J. chewed her pencil reflectively a while before replying. "That's just it, Homer," she said presently. "I've been working five days on this list—and I couldn't tell you all of them in five words, could I?"

"Hu-m-m-m," mused Mr. J., scanning the list. "Hu-m-m-m—Cousin John—Cousin John's wife—Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Driggs, Mrs. Why Blossom, you don't know Mrs. Driggs or Mrs. Nelson well enough to send them presents, do you?"

"That makes no difference, Homer," Mrs. J. put in quickly. "They belong to the Bridge Club and naturally I have to give them something—they'll be sure to send me a present."

"Why?" snapped Mr. J.

"Well—or—well," parried Mrs. J., a trifle disconcerted, "because—have it your way for I know exactly what you are going to say—because they are afraid I will send them something, so there!"

Mr. J. scowled—and scowled all the more fiercely the further down the list he got.

"Mrs. Macklefresh!" he read presently. "For goodness sake, Blossom, where does Mrs. Macklefresh get in on the bread-line? Why, you haven't even seen her for six months!"

Mrs. Justwed dabbed suspiciously at her eyes.

"Well, you see, Homer," she explained, "Mrs. Macklefresh sent me a beautiful little dolly last Christmas—and I didn't send her a single thing. Oh, it! I was so mortified I—"

"Think of it!" interrupted Mr. J. sarcastically. "Hu-m-m-m—why, may I ask, did you put down 'Mr. and Mrs. Hutchins' and then cross off their names?"

"I'm doing my best to cut down the list, Homer," replied Mrs. J. with a beatific smile. "Really, I pared it quite to the bone. You'll find a number of others crossed off, too, further down."

"But," insisted Homer-dear in his best judicial accents, "why were the Hutchins scratched?"

"Well, you see," answered Mrs. J. sweetly, "Mr. Hutchins has had such heavy financial reverses this year—as every one knows—that I am perfectly sure they will not be able to give."

"A-ha!" cried Mr. J. in much the same tone the horse shrieks "So-lack! Dation-at-last I have yuh—where—where—want-yuh!" and then banes his fist down on the table, shaking his head while like a spaniel just emerging from the water. "So, Blossom, since they won't send you a present you do not intend to cross off their names?"

Mr. J. straightened up with a snap. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself? Do you think I could be prompted by such an unworthy motive as that? No! Listen—I crossed off their names because I knew how embarrassed poor dear Mrs. Hutchins would be Christmas morning if she received a present from us and had not sent one. Really, she would feel—"

"Ha-ha-ha!" roared Mr. J. "so that's the way you women reason, is it?"

"It's no more laughable than the way you men take turns buying the drinks and wait until every man in the crowd has bought before you leave—ha-ha-ha!" retorted Mrs. J.

Mr. J. sobered instantly.

"All the same, my dear," he insisted, "this senseless practice of indiscriminate giving you women seem to glory in, is, to me, perfectly ridiculous—to say nothing of its cost. Why, all you do is to commercialize Christmas! It's nothing but an exchange, a barter and, believe me, a travesty on the 'gold, frankincense and myrrh' of the Wise Men who gave the first Christmas presents. You give because you are afraid not to give—and you receive in sorrowful apprehension what you have received, for fear it will be more expensive than the gift you sent!"

"My," laughed Mrs. Justwed, "aren't we women awful! But how about you men?"

"Oh, I admit the shoe fits us, too," conceded Mr. J., "but not so snugly, my dear. We may tip the office boy or the elevator man, but you don't catch us exchanging senseless presents."

"No," suggested Mrs. J., "you leave that for your wives to do for you!"

Mr. Justwed sought refuge in further perusal of the list.

"Mother," he read presently, way down near the bottom, "smoking jacket. What! Give your mother a smoking jacket!"

"Oh," cried Mrs. J., jumping up and clutching wildly at the list. "Give it to me, Homer! Don't read any more—please, please don't!"

Mr. J. was dumbfounded.

"You see," Mrs. Justwed went on to explain, catching her breath, "that was a mere jutting down of the presents coming to you—down toward the end of the paper. I forgot all about them or I wouldn't have let you read it. Now you've spoiled it all. Mommer's going to give you a smoking jacket for Christmas, I suppose. I'll have to tell you."

"Hu-m-m-m," mused Mr. J.

"Hu-m-m-m—nice of Mommer, isn't it?"

"Why, Homer, don't you like it?"

"Yes—yes—to be sure, Blossom. But why—I would like to know, does Mommer want to give me a present—and a smoking jacket, at that?"

"I'm sure I don't know!" snapped Mrs. Justwed, thoroughly angry. "Either to keep the ashes off your clothes or to—make you think of her every time you wear it, I dare say!"

"Well," replied Mr. J. slowly, "far be it from me to criticize a present, or rather, in this case, to look a gift up its sleeve. But I think I'll give Mommer a kimono this Christmas."

To save her life Mrs. J. couldn't help it, though she knew intuitively that was just what Mr. J. wanted her to do.

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh," answered Mr. J., flicking the ash off his cigar as carelessly as you please, "to keep her at home, of course, and to make her realize how rapidly she is losing her figure!"

CARVEL CALVERT HALL.

Serving the Dinner on CHRISTMAS DAY

PROBABLY the first thing that a housewife does when she is considering the Christmas dinner is to select the turkey. The Christmas turkey is an institution, although it may even be unrepresented at the Thanksgiving table. Choose the bird with care, as only the experienced housewife can tell a really good turkey before it is cooked. Select one with a full, plump breast, a soft white skin and joints that break easily.

Avoid a turkey with a tough, yellow skin and a hair-sprinkled body.

When preparing the Christmas dinner, make the pastry two or three days ahead, so that there will be no bother with it on the great day, when there are so many things that need consideration. Also cook the cranberries in advance, and make all possible preparations in good season, so there will be as little cooking on Christmas day as possible. Here is a splendid way to roast a turkey:

After pouring a little alcohol in the pan light it and hold the turkey over the flame until all the clinging feathers have singed off, turning the bird from time to time in order that the skin may not scorch. Wash the bird well with cold water in which a little baking soda has been added. Rinse the inside about three times, the last time with pure, cold water. Always be sure of entire sweetness and cleanliness before putting in the stuffing.

After the turkey is stuffed, the legs and wings in place with soft string. Lay the bird in the pan and cover the breast with thin slices of salt pork. Then pour a half cupful of boiling water into the pan and set in a hot oven.

Allow the turkey to cook rapidly for about ten minutes, and then roast in a lower temperature, fifteen minutes to the pound. In case the juice does not make gravy fast enough, add a little butter and baste the turkey repeatedly. About fifteen minutes before the bird is to be removed from the pan, rub his breast with butter, sprinkle a little flour over it and brown.

The holiday season offers splendid opportunities for decorating the table. Crepe paper and bolly go a long way toward making the table attractive, but flowers, artificial and natural, ferns and palms can be utilized.

A Christmas table may be decorated with a small tree in the center; small candles should be fastened to the branches, and the base, which rests on a five-pointed star, may be made of red crepe paper. At each place lay a five-pointed red crepe star and set the individual plates upon it. Candy boxes should be made of the red crepe paper and cardboard.

There is an excellent bread stuffing for turkey, made by adding a tablespoonful of melted butter to every cupful of fine bread crumbs.

Or one may use salt pork chopped up fine instead of the butter. Never moisten except with the butter or fat. Season with pepper, salt, minced parsley and sweet marjoram, and fill the body and breast of the turkey with the mixture. Allow room for the breast to swell in cooking.

A good way to make cranberry sauce is to put a quart of the berries over the fire with a half pint of cold water; cook them until soft, and then take from the fire. Put through a vegetable press and then set the pulp back on the fire with a pound of sugar. After the latter has dissolved, place the sauce aside to cool.

In making giblet gravy stew the giblets by themselves until they are tender. Then chop fine and add to them the liquor in which they were cooked, also pouring in the gravy left in the turkey pan. Thicken with brown flour moistened to a paste with a little cold water, season well and boil for a couple of minutes, stirring all the time. Serve the gravy in a boat.

Gathered Here and There.

ANY of the latest large collars are cut in odd shapes. Some are of lace, others of fur and many of beaded tissues.

Large fur buttons are new. They appear on all the new fur coats, and nearly all scarfs have at least one button.

Chiffon velvet is being much used for evening wraps. There is usually a wide band of embroidery or heavy lace at the knees.

The latest buckles for slippers are of rhinestones, and they are being worn on every color and kind of evening slippers.

White ratine is being much used for children's coats. It is almost ideal for children, being soft and warm, as well as washable.

The girls in makers of fashionable garments are making an extensive use of cluny lace to trim gowns of satin and chiffon.

WOOL EMBROIDERY.

HERE is a decided fancy for wool embroidery. The newest of this variety is now being shown enriched with semi-precious jewels and imitation pearls. It is predicted that the fad will be largely taken up this winter.

A Handkerchief Novelty.

YEARS and years have passed since there has really been anything new in handkerchiefs, but at last there is a novelty. The latest handkerchief has the appearance of an ordinary handkerchief, is made of fine material with hemstitched border and may have a small embroidered figure in the corner, but the feature is that it is made with a four-inch diamond-shaped center of white velvet, outlined with a fine lace edge.

The center is supposed to take the place of the chamols, so essential to the handbag toilet of the average woman. Powder can be dusted upon the chamols-velvet center, and it clings to the nappy surface even better than to the chamols skin. As it is concealed in the center of the handkerchief, it is never noticed when in ordinary use, or when carried loosely in the hand. The novelty makes an ideal Christmas gift for a girl.

Handy Boxes for the Kitchen.

ORDINARY wooden boxes can be turned into many useful articles for the kitchen. For example, two condensed-milk boxes can be made into a wall cabinet holding jars containing spices, sugar, salt and dry groceries. Remove the lids and nail the boxes together, allowing their sides to touch. In this way a cabinet with one shelf is formed.

Another shelf can be added by fitting in a piece of the lid half way between the top and center of the box. The wood can be smoothed off with sandpaper, painted white, or some pretty light color, and attached to the wall by nails driven into a convenient spot.

By removing the two sides of a soap-box and setting them in the box itself, two and one-half inches from the top and bottom, a well proportioned rack can be made for holding such small articles as the clock, cook books, matches, etc. In the same way a rack for the kitchen knives, forks and spoons can be made.

The top shelf should be pierced with a row of small holes two inches apart, the length of the shelf, and the edge of it notched with little square slots one-quarter of an inch wide. A window-glass box can be made into a rack for sauce pans and covers.

UNCLE SAM'S SANTA CLAUS BUREAU

UNCLE SAM has a bureau run by Santa Claus and one hundred and fifty employees who desire to preserve youthful faith in the patron saint of Yuletide. It is an institution in whose recesses are shown thousands of relics of real life, romance, comedy and tragedy. It contains millions of mementoes of Christmas disappointments, and is concerned in most of our doings the week before Christmas.

There is a whole corps of workers for whom St. Nicholas is responsible, and they are employed in the dead letter office in Washington. The childhood worship of Santa Claus, that jolly old elf, gives the workers their wages. For Uncle Sam has been shown the necessity of the bureau. Postal officials have frequently recommended that mail matter, whatever kind it may be, contain the name and address of the sender, in order that it may be returned. If this was followed out, the return of a piece of mail would be as strict a requisite as the official stamp stuck in the corner. If there were such a regulation it would eliminate the necessity of the dead letter office in Washington.

During the week before Christmas thousands and thousands of relatives, working in the guise of Santa Claus, create the pleasing illusion that Santa Claus will mail tons and tons of presents to hundreds of thousands of children. And at this point the children get busy and even those to whom a pen is a novel instrument scrawl letters to him. About twenty thousand children—an estimate being made on former years—are now dropping into the mail boxes letters addressed to "Santa Claus," "Kris Kringle," and "St. Nicholas."

There is a law requiring that all mail matter be returned to the sender when practicable, in case the address cannot be located. But this has not been followed out in the past few years regarding these "Santa Claus letters." It has been decided, however, to enforce the rule, simply because the hopeful little letter-writers would have their most cherished idol shattered before their eyes by a rubber stamp reading as follows: "Address Not Found."

So the letters are not sent back, and twenty thousand little expectant children are spared cruel disillusion. The dead letter office, because it receives all these letters, is sometimes called the "Santa Claus bureau." The annual grist of Santa Claus letters reveals the varied notions of children. They imagine all sorts of places as the abode of their favorite. Some of the letters are addressed to "Heaven," while others predict the destination as "Ice Town," "Iceland," "Greenland," "Snowland," and "Snow Hill." Some missives are even addressed to the "North Pole," while others give the impression that Santa has taken up winter quarters at the "South Pole."

Many of the letters received at the dead letter office are from poor children, and this fact moved some philanthropic women to a worthy charity about four years ago. They petitioned the Postmaster General to have all Santa Claus letters turned over to committees which they proposed to organize for the purpose of answering all worthy appeals whose sources could be traced. The petition was complied with and the order was made general.

During two Christmas periods the dead letter office was instructed to turn letters over to any regularly organized charitable society in the town or city of the addressee. Its bitter jealousies arose over the handling of the letters among some of the charitable organizations, and the idea was abandoned.

But then the old trouble arose: thousands of Santa Claus letters clogged the dead letter departments of the city postoffices. Now, however, Postmaster General Hitchcock has decided to try the scheme once more. He has instructed that the letters be turned over to charitable inclined persons by the postmasters of the towns in which they were mailed. In that way, he hopes to help the really needy children. The problem is even greater than before, and until some person comes forward with a more satisfactory idea, the letters may go to the various charitable organizations of the cities and villages.

Thirteen million undelivered parcels, letters, Christmas cards and other post cards now come into the Santa Claus bureau each year, and this measures to a degree the careless spirit of the patrons of the mails. One quarter of these probably represent the annual stock of Christmas disappointments.

A CORNER FOR MEN

A Few Helpful Moments With the "Get There" Club

Did you ever meet one of those "hard luck guys," Horace, or rather, there is a single day goes by that you don't meet one of them? One of those chaps, you know, who are always down in the mouth, always bemoaning their fate and bewailing a something or other that seems to keep pushing them under the minute their heads come to the surface for a breathing spell?

They smell of failure, and they fairly radiate mediocrity. Their backs are made without spines and their favorite color is yellow. Pass them by, Horace, on the other side of the road—unless, of course, you can play the Good Samaritan and bring them to a realization that their condition is, nine out of ten times, their own fault.

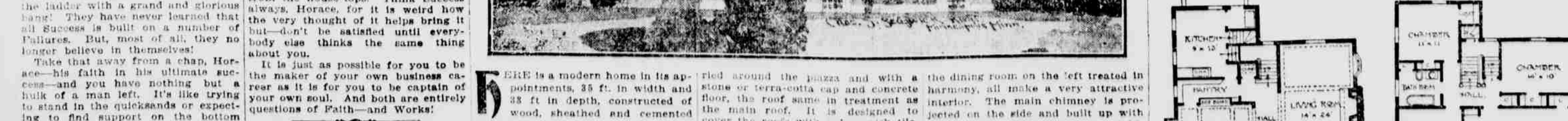
And it is, too. They've lost their grip. They think failure. They brood upon failure. They can see only two footholds on the ladder of Progress. One is Failure, and the other is Success. They lose sight of all the rungs in between. One slip, they conclude, brings them to the bottom of the ladder with a grand and glorious bang! They have never learned that all Success is built on a number of Failures. But, most of all, they no longer believe in themselves!

Take that away from a chap, Horace—his faith in his ultimate success—and you have left him a hulk of a man left. It's like trying to stand in the quicksands or expecting to find support on the bottom when the surface of the water is three inches over your head. You simply can't do it. You're engulfed, you're beaten down, you're doomed. You've lost your grip and you're one of the might-have-beens whose worst enemy is his own self.

But there's a difference, Horace, between the chap sure of himself, of his own ability and of eventually coming into his own, and the blithering, self-

Combination Brick and Cement House, Costing \$5,000

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. SEDGWICK, ARCHITECT.



HERE is a modern home in its appointments, 35 ft. in width and 35 ft. in depth, constructed of wood, sheathed and cemented on the outside above the first story window sill course, and below this faced with a rugged vitrified brick, giving a very substantial and pleasing effect. The design is on the square plan, with a central vestibule entrance and a symmetrical treatment of the front. The roof is low pitched and with wide projected cornice, the timber rafters showing on the underside. The lower brick facing is carried around the piazza and with a stone or terra-cotta cap and concrete floor, the roof same in treatment as the main roof. It is designed to cover the roads with red Spanish tile, making altogether a very handsome combination. The estimated cost of this house is \$5,000, exclusive of heating and plumbing. The inside is finished throughout in hard wood, plate glass used in the principal windows, tile for bathroom, vestibule, etc., of the best quality. The large living room on the right with its wide fire place and timbered ceiling, the dining room on the left treated in harmony, all make a very attractive interior. The main chimney is projected on the side and built up with boulder stone to the second story, adding a very attractive feature.

The culinary departments, and basement are complete and conveniently arranged. The second floor with four large bed rooms, closets and bath room and a fine large attic, well lighted and finished, with two servants rooms and a large amusement room, make a very complete and well appointed home.

Japanese Dentistry.

JAPANESE dentists conduct their business in a manner all their own; and it is a manner that would make American dentists open their eyes in wonder. The victim is seated upon the ground, and the dentist bonds over him and forces his left hand between the patient's jaws in such a manner that the mouth cannot possibly be closed. Then he grasps the doomed tooth between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, and with one deft wrench removes it and throws it upon the ground.

So great is the skill of these native dentists that many of them are able to remove six or seven teeth per minute. But their skill can hardly be wondered at when one considers the course of preparatory training the would-be dentists are forced to undergo. A number of holes are bored in a stout plank, and the latter is fixed firmly to the ground.

In the holes are driven wooden pegs, and the dentist has to extract them with his fingers without dislodging the board. The process is repeated with a number of holes, and finally with one of oak, and it is only when he is able to extract the peg from the oak plank that the dentist considers himself capable to practice.

NEW SOURCE OF RUBBER.

A NEW source of rubber in large amount has been reported by Jean Lysowski, of the National Agricultural Institute of France, in the gum called "Gutierrez" which is derived from an abundant plant of the Malay states. The ten to twenty percent of rubber in the gum is easily and inexpensively extracted, the process requiring but three or four hours and the product is sold at low prices. It is claimed, moreover, to be of superior quality. Several companies are said to be planning to make the new rubber, and a Russian factory is expected to supply two hundred tons this year.

